



Assessment Date: \_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_ Student: \_\_\_\_\_ Examiner: \_\_\_\_\_

Words Read Correctly (WRC): \_\_\_\_ Errors: \_\_\_\_ Notes: \_\_\_\_\_

## The Caravan!

Pie Corbett

“Now Mitch, don’t go playing up by the pylon,” my Mum had warned me often	16
enough, “It’s dangerous. You’ll get yourself electrocuted.” Did I listen? Of course I	30
didn’t. Most days after school that was exactly where I went. Daft really, but she	45
actually thought that I was doing my homework with Connor. Mum worries too much.	59
I’ve still not forgotten how she used to tell me not to play under Hanger Bridge by the	77
railway in case the troll snatched me. Of course, I was younger then.	90
The pylon that she was talking about stood at the end of Muggie Moss Road. Red and	107
brown rust fluttered from its lean body and it made odd creaking sounds when the wind	123
blew. It was there that we found the caravan. It had been empty for years. If you go	141
past, you’ll just see a small patch of overgrown land under the pylon, a mess of	157
brambles and nettles that smothered the van. It was damp inside and the windows were	172
smearred with green grime. Moss clung to its wheels. It was a place of dead spiders and	189
dust but it was our special place. Most days after school we went straight there. Just to	206
muck about.	208
That afternoon, a storm raged. It had been brewing all morning. The trees were like	223
crazed zombies thrashing wildly. Rain lashed down, drumming on the metal roof.	235
Inside the caravan it felt safe, almost cosy really. We shoved newspaper into any	249
cracks to keep out the wind. I’d found a bit of old carpet and Connor had brought	266
along some cushions that his Mum had thrown out. He’d also found a candle and in the	283
semi-gloom its flame flickered with a cheerful glow. Outside dusk shadowed the	296
bushes. Soon the streetlights would come on, casting orange pools of light.	308



“Now Mitch, don’t go playing up by the pylon,” my Mum had warned me often enough, “It’s dangerous. You’ll get yourself electrocuted.” Did I listen? Of course I didn’t. Most days after school that was exactly where I went. Daft really, but she actually thought that I was doing my homework with Connor. Mum worries too much. I’ve still not forgotten how she used to tell me not to play under Hanger Bridge by the railway in case the troll snatched me. Of course, I was younger then.

The pylon that she was talking about stood at the end of Muggie Moss Road. Red and brown rust fluttered from its lean body and it made odd creaking sounds when the wind blew. It was there that we found the caravan. It had been empty for years. If you go past, you’ll just see a small patch of overgrown land under the pylon, a mess of brambles and nettles that smothered the van. It was damp inside and the windows were smeared with green grime. Moss clung to its wheels. It was a place of dead spiders and dust but it was our special place. Most days after school we went straight there. Just to muck about.

That afternoon, a storm raged. It had been brewing all morning. The trees were like crazed zombies thrashing wildly. Rain lashed down, drumming on the metal roof. Inside the caravan it felt safe, almost cosy really. We shoved newspaper into any cracks to keep out the wind. I’d found a bit of old carpet and Connor had brought along some cushions that his Mum had thrown out. He’d also found a candle and in the semi-gloom its flame flickered with a cheerful glow. Outside dusk shadowed the bushes. Soon the streetlights would come on, casting orange pools of light.